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THE AMAZING SPIDER-MAN®

THE



OTHER

EVOLVE
OR DIE

PART 12 OF 12



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THE



OTHER

EVOLVE
OR DIE

PART 12 OF 12

PREVIOUSLY IN

MARVEL KNIGHTS SPIDER-MAN

#22



Spider-Man has returned!

A vicious battle between Spider-Man and Morlun seemingly claimed the lives of both predator and prey, but then Peter Parker shed his skin and evolved. Reborn with new powers, enhanced abilities, and miraculously healed injuries, Spider-Man thought that life was finally going his way... that is, until he remembered how he had returned.

Peter had embraced the totemic forces of the spider, and that spider, The Great Weaver, embraced him back.

Soon after, a new creature emerged from the corpse shell that Peter had shed and told Spider-Man that she was the counterpoint-- the living, breathing answer-- to his unorthodox return. Before he could learn more, she escaped to an unknown location and concealed herself within a cocoon.

While Spider-Man has sought counsel from those closest to him, anxieties have plagued him--specifically, the consequences of his miraculous resurrection and his wholehearted embrace of the totemic spider god.

"POST MORTEM"

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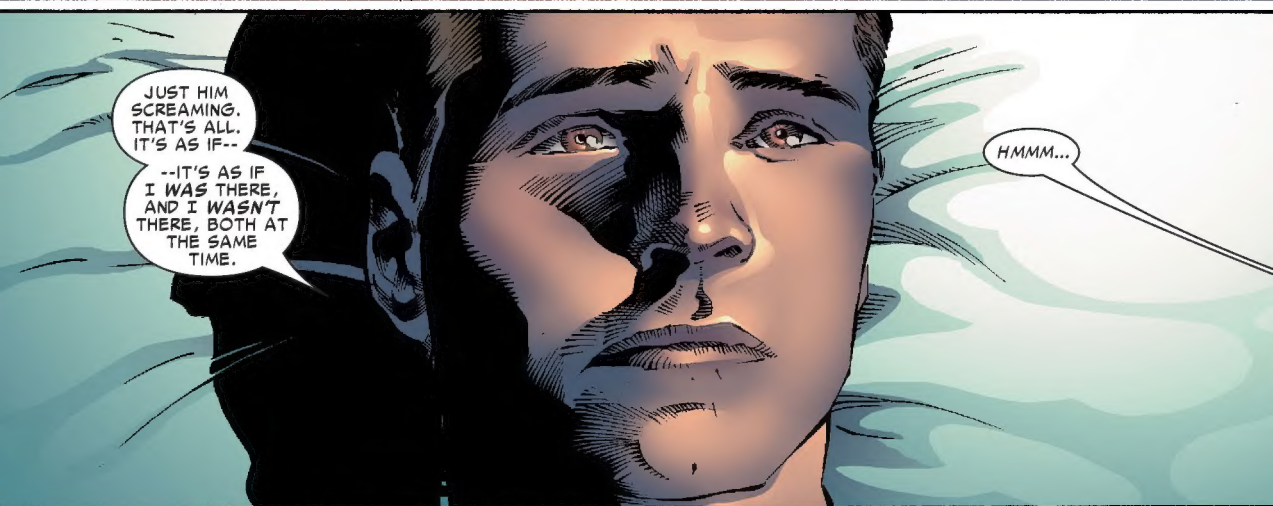
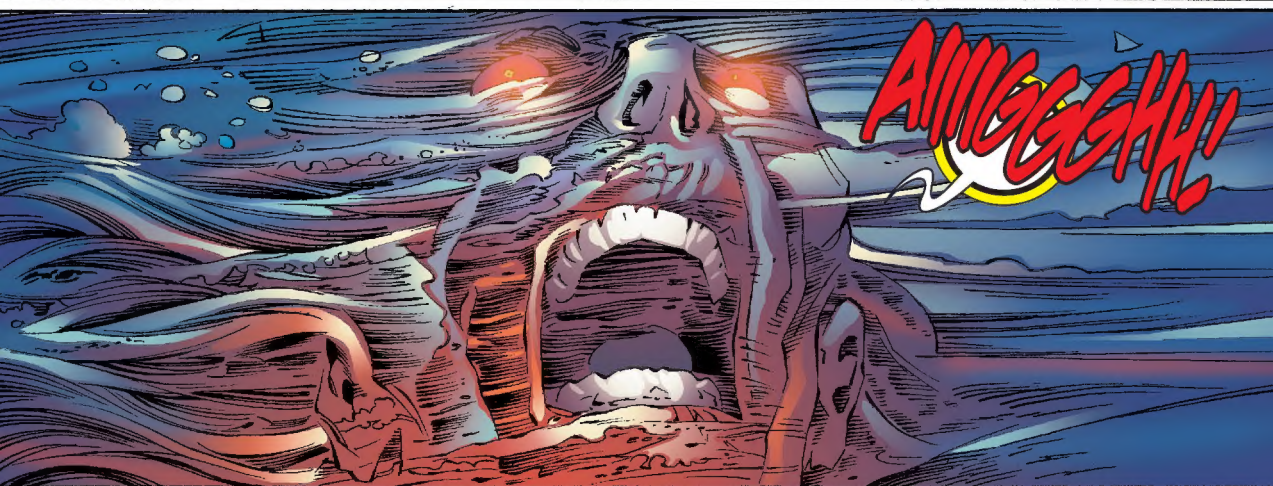
Amazing Spider-Man (ISSN #0274-5232) No. 528, March, 2006. Published Monthly except semi-monthly in January and March by MARVEL PUBLISHING, INC., a subsidiary of MARVEL ENTERTAINMENT, INC., OFFICE OF PUBLICATION: 417 5th Avenue, New York, NY 10016. PERIODICALS POSTAGE PAID AT NEW YORK, NY AND AT ADDITIONAL MAILING OFFICES. © 2006 Marvel Characters, Inc. All rights reserved. All characters featured in this issue and the distinctive names and likenesses thereof, and all related indicia are trademarks of Marvel Characters, Inc. No similarity between any of the names, characters, persons, and/or institutions in this magazine with those of any living or dead person or institution is intended, and any such similarity which may exist is purely coincidental. \$2.50 per copy in the U.S. and \$3.50 in Canada (GST #R127032852) in the direct market and \$2.99 per copy in the U.S. and \$4.25 in Canada (GST #R127032852) through the newsstand; Canadian Agreement #40668537. Printed in the USA. Subscription rate (U.S. dollars) for 12 issues: U.S. \$27.00; Canada \$37.00; Foreign \$39.00. POSTMASTER: SEND ALL ADDRESS CHANGES TO Amazing Spider-Man, C/O MARVEL SUBSCRIPTION DEPT., P.O. BOX 30520 SALT LAKE CITY, UT 84130-0520. TELEPHONE # (800) 217-9158. FAX # (801) 208-0877. subscriptions@marvelsubs.com. AVI ARAD, Chief Creative Officer; ALAN FINE, President & CEO of Marvel Toys and Marvel Publishing, Inc.; DAVID BOGART, VP of Publishing Operations; DAN CARR, Director of Production; JUSTIN F. GABRIE, Managing Editor; STAN LEE, Chairman Emeritus. For information regarding advertising in Marvel Comics or on Marvel.com, please contact Joe Maimone, Advertising Director, at jmaimone@marvel.com or 212-576-8534. For Marvel subscription inquiries, please call 800-217-9158.

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DO YOU REMEMBER ANYTHING
FROM THE MOMENT WHEN
MORLUN ATTACKED YOU IN
THE HOSPITAL AND YOU--

--DID UNTO HIM AS
HE WOULD HAVE
DONE UNTO YOU?

ANYTHING, PETER?
ANYTHING AT ALL?



JUST HIM
SCREAMING.
THAT'S ALL.
IT'S AS IF--

--IT'S AS IF
I WAS THERE,
AND I WASN'T
THERE, BOTH AT
THE SAME
TIME.

HMMM...



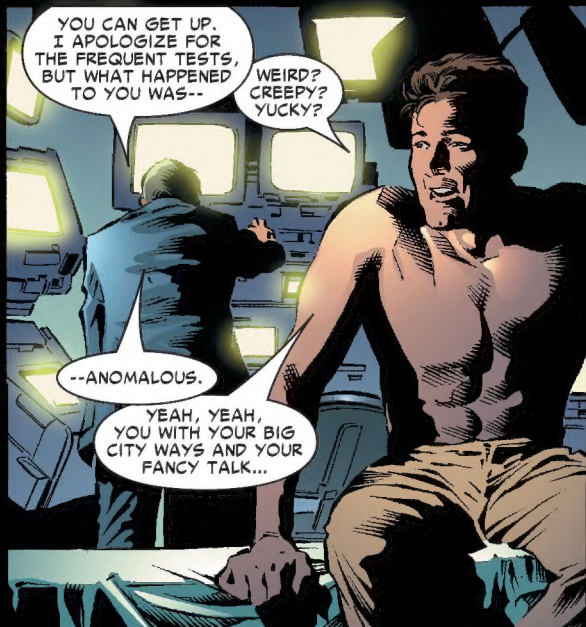
...HMM...
HMMM...
HMMMMMM...

OKAY, TONY, I'LL
GIVE YOU ONE HMMM
ON PRINCIPLE, TWO
BECAUSE YOU'RE MY
BOSS, BUT THREE IS
PUSHING IT.

ACTUALLY,
THAT WAS
FOUR.

SWELL.

I'M
DOOMED.





BUT YOU HAVE ALL OF PETER'S OTHER MEMORIES?

YEAH, I--

WHAT DO YOU MEAN, ALL OF PETER'S MEMORIES. I'M PETER.

YES, YOU ARE.



BUT THEN, SO WAS THE BODY LAYING DEAD ON A GURNEY UPSTAIRS, THE BODY THAT HAS NOW... DISAPPEARED.

WE'VE HAD IMPERSONATORS BEFORE, YOU KNOW. AND WHILE ALL MY INSTINCTS SAY THAT THIS IS YOU, I HAD TO ASK ANYWAY.



HOW DOES ASKING IF I REMEMBER WHAT HAPPENED TO MORLUN HELP PROVE THAT I'M ME?

BECAUSE ONLY YOU WOULD ADMIT TO THE GAP IN MEMORY. AN IMPERSONATOR WOULD WANT TO MAKE SURE THERE WERE AS FEW GAPS AS POSSIBLE IN ORDER TO EASE SUSPICION.

HE WOULD ALSO TAKE STEPS TO DUPLICATE ALL THE INJURIES YOU'VE HAD, BUT THE SCANS SHOW THAT EVERY WOUND YOU'VE EVER INCURRED HAS BEEN HEALED.



YOU'RE BLESSED, PETER. YOU'VE GOT WHAT EVERY HUMAN BEING HAS ASKED FOR: A FRESH START, A CLEAN SLATE, EVERY CELL BRAND NEW AND UNDAMAGED.

YOU'VE BEEN REBORN.

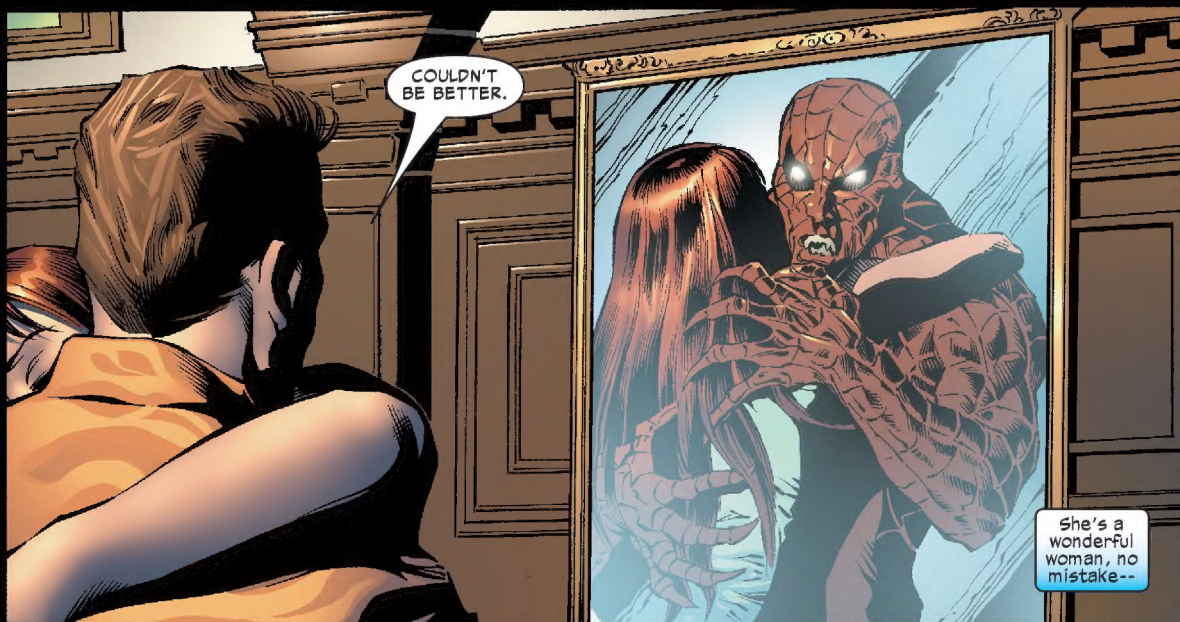
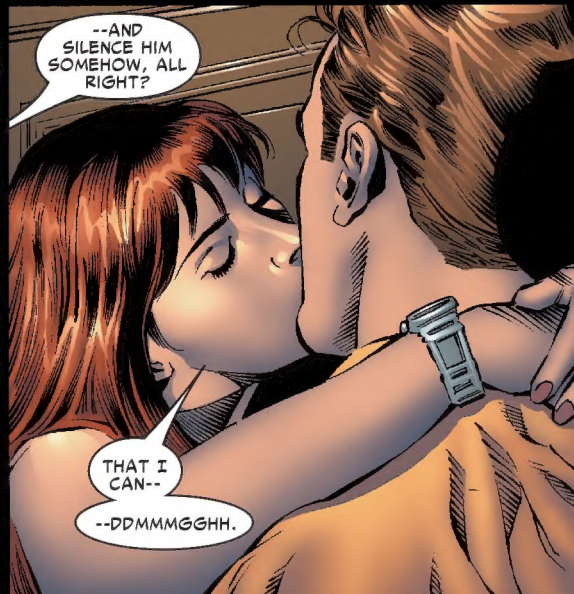
PETER?



THERE YOU ARE. I'VE BEEN LOOKING ALL OVER THE PLACE FOR YOU. HERE'S YOUR COSTUME--

UNIFORM.

WHATEVER IT IS, IT'S COMING APART AT THE SEAMS. AND FIGHTING THAT...THING YOU TOLD ME ABOUT PROBABLY DIDN'T HELP. I'VE SEWN IT THE BEST I COULD, SO YOU CAN GO OUT WHENEVER YOU WANT.





--but Martha Stewart she's not. This shirt's already starting to pull apart.

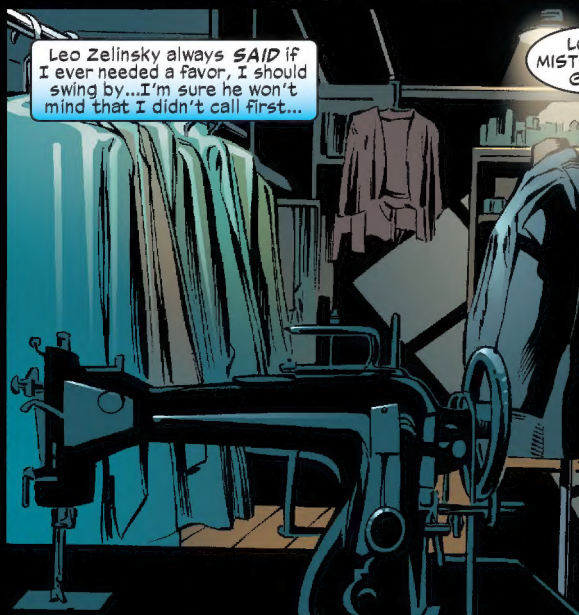
Not that I'm any better. And that's not what she's there for anyway, but still...

Waitaminnit...!



Of course!

Some days I'd like to take my brain right out of my head and kiss it.

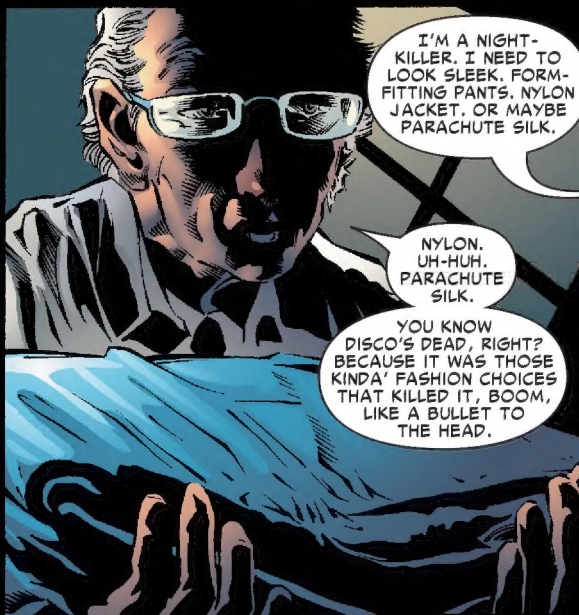


Leo Zelinsky always *SAID* if I ever needed a favor, I should swing by...I'm sure he won't mind that I didn't call first...

LOOK, MISTER WAR-GUY--

WAR-MAN.

WHATEVER. THAT'S NOT A GOOD COLOR ON YOU. MAYBE A NICE HERRINGBONE.



I'M A NIGHT-KILLER. I NEED TO LOOK SLEEK. FORM-FITTING PANTS. NYLON JACKET. OR MAYBE PARACHUTE SILK.

NYLON. UH-HUH. PARACHUTE SILK.

YOU KNOW DISCO'S DEAD, RIGHT? BECAUSE IT WAS THOSE KINDA' FASHION CHOICES THAT KILLED IT, BOOM, LIKE A BULLET TO THE HEAD.

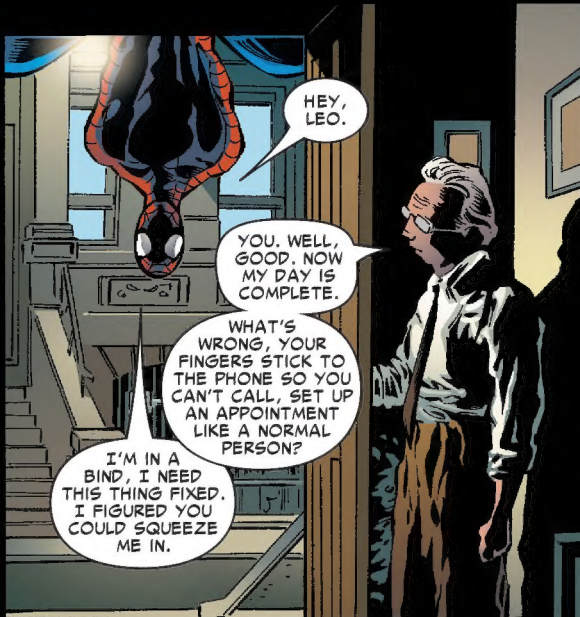


LOOK, I--

dine done

JUST A MINUTE, I NEED TO SEE WHO THAT IS. WHILE I'M OUT, I'LL TRY AND FIND SOMETHING YOU'LL LIKE.

SOMETHING WITH GLITTER, MAYBE.



HEY, LEO.

YOU, WELL, GOOD. NOW MY DAY IS COMPLETE.

WHAT'S WRONG, YOUR FINGERS STICK TO THE PHONE SO YOU CAN'T CALL, SET UP AN APPOINTMENT LIKE A NORMAL PERSON?

I'M IN A BIND, I NEED THIS THING FIXED. I FIGURED YOU COULD SQUEEZE ME IN.



SQUEEZING I CAN HANDLE. MY CLIENTS, NOT SO MUCH. I TOLD YOU, MONDAYS, WEDNESDAYS AND FRIDAYS ARE GOOD GUYS. TUESDAYS AND THURSDAYS, NOT-SO-GOOD GUYS. THIS IS THURSDAY.

I KNOW, I'M SORRY, DID I INTERRUPT?

YEAH, I GOT A CLIENT IN THERE, HE'S NEW TO THE BAD-GUY THING, VERY PICKY, VERY NERVOUS.



I'LL GO TALK TO HIM. TAKE OFF THE SHIRT AND I'LL HAVE A LOOK.

YOU'RE A GOOD MAN, LEO.

YEAH, FINE, WHATEVER.

MR. WAR-GUY?

WAR-MAN.



OP ARUCUWU
SALATPUNALJOPPO
NABU L'ORACCUPO
SALUPJULFJA.

NO WAY. I WAS HERE FIRST! I DON'T CARE WHO IT IS, I--

WAIT A SEC...WHO'D YOU SAY IT IS?

OP ARUCUWU
SALATPUNALJOPPO
NABU L'ORACCUPO
SALUPJULFJA.



PAD PAD PAD PAD

SLAM!



HE SAID HE'LL COME BACK TUESDAY AND TO TELL YOU HE'S NOT AFRAID OF YOU.

WELL, I SEE SOMEONE'S ALREADY WORKED ON THIS. FUNNY, I DIDN'T KNOW HELEN KELLER WAS STILL ALIVE.

HEY! MY WI--

THAT IS, SOMEONE VERY CLOSE TO ME DID THAT AND--

BOOM!

WHAT
THE--

I HEARD
A BOOM. YOU
HEAR A BOOM? I'M
ALMOST CERTAIN I
HEARD A BOOM.

WAIT
HERE.

DID YOU
THINK I WAS
PLANNING TO GO
TO A HOEDOWN?
IN THESE
SHOES?

Whatever happened, it
killed the power to this
whole area. I can hear
sirens, but where--

Oh, no...



...looks like the construction site undermined the foundation of that apartment building.

No telling how many people are trapped in there.



HELP...
SOMEBODY,
HELP...WE'RE
IN HERE!



OKAY,
EVERYBODY MOVE
BACK IN CASE THIS
COLLAPSES...MOVE
ON BACK...



COME ON...
COME ON...JUST
A LITTLE...BIT...
MORE--



GOT IT!
GO,
GO, GO,
GO!



Good, the cavalry arrives...

IS THERE ANYONE ELSE TRAPPED ON THIS FLOOR?

I DUNNO...WE BARELY GOT OUT OURSELVES, I--

JENNIFER!



MA'AM?

MY DAUGHTER... SHE WAS RIGHT BEHIND ME! I HAVE TO GO BACK--

YOU CAN'T, THE WHOLE PLACE IS ABOUT TO COME DOWN!

NO--



IT'S ALL RIGHT...I'LL GO IN AFTER HER. JUST LET ME WEB THIS IN PLACE--

HURRY, PLEASE, SHE HAS ASTHMA, AND ALL THIS DUST--

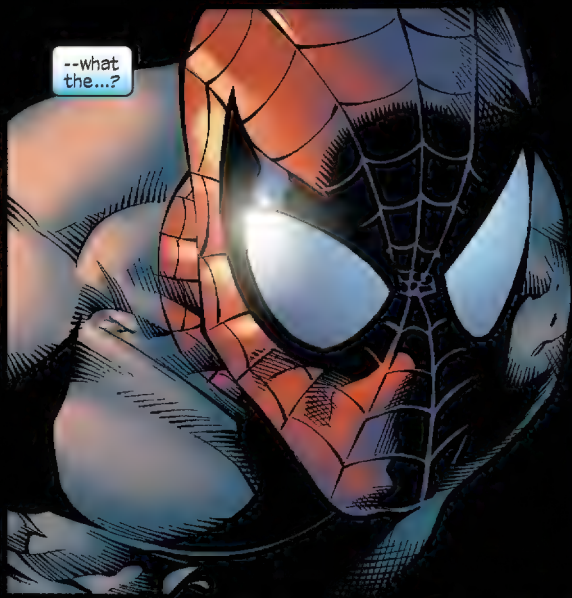


I'LL FIND HER, I PROMISE. NOW PLEASE, GET AWAY FROM ALL THIS BEFORE--

DON'T WORRY, I'LL MAKE SURE SHE GETS CLEAR.



The whole place is starting to come down...I don't have much time, but where do I even start? I can't even see five inches in front of my--

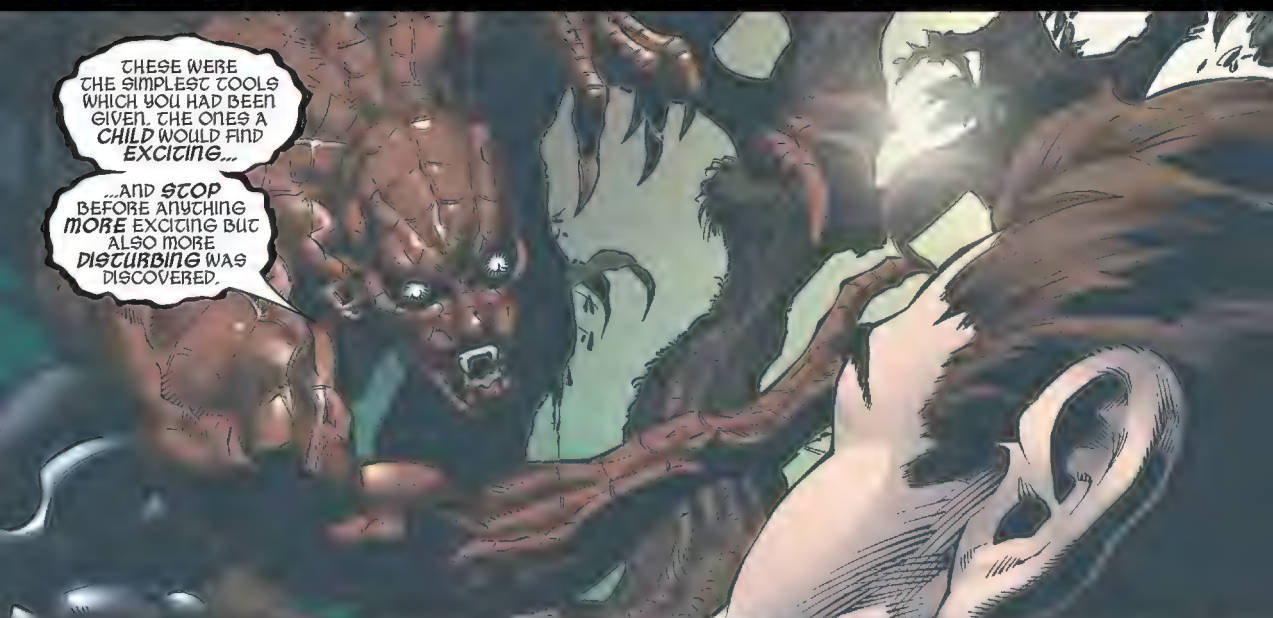


--what
the...?



I can see...it's pitch
black in here but I can
see. How the hell--

"STRENGTH.
SENSES.
AGILITY."



THESE WERE
THE SIMPLEST TOOLS
WHICH YOU HAD BEEN
GIVEN. THE ONES A
CHILD WOULD FIND
EXCITING...

...AND STOP
BEFORE ANYTHING
MORE EXCITING BUT
ALSO MORE
DISBURBING WAS
DISCOVERED.



"THE CHILD NEVER ASKED...
AND THE MAN NEVER RETURNED
TO THE QUESTION--

"--WHAT HAPPENS
WHEN YOU MERGE A
MAN...WITH A SPIDER?"



"FIND WITHIN US THE GIFTS YOU
DID NOT KNOW YOU POSSESSED...
THE STRENGTHS YOU WERE
AFRAID TO CALL YOUR OWN.

"BE THE MAN YOU ARE...
BUT NOW, AT LAST...
EMBRACE THE OTHER."



HELP...
OVER HERE...
HELP...



IS...IS ANYONE
THERE? I CAN'T
SEE...I CAN'T--

I'M HERE.
DID YOU SEE
ANYONE ELSE?
I'M LOOKING
FOR A YOUNG
GIRL--

I HAVEN'T
SEEN ANYTHING,
NOW GET ME
OUT OF HERE,
PLEASE!



I CAN'T
LEAVE...I'M LOOKING
FOR SOMEONE...BUT I
CAN SHOW YOU THE
WAY OUT.

JUST FOLLOW
THE WEB-LINE, IT'LL
TAKE YOU FAR ENOUGH
UP TO SEE THE WAY
OUT.

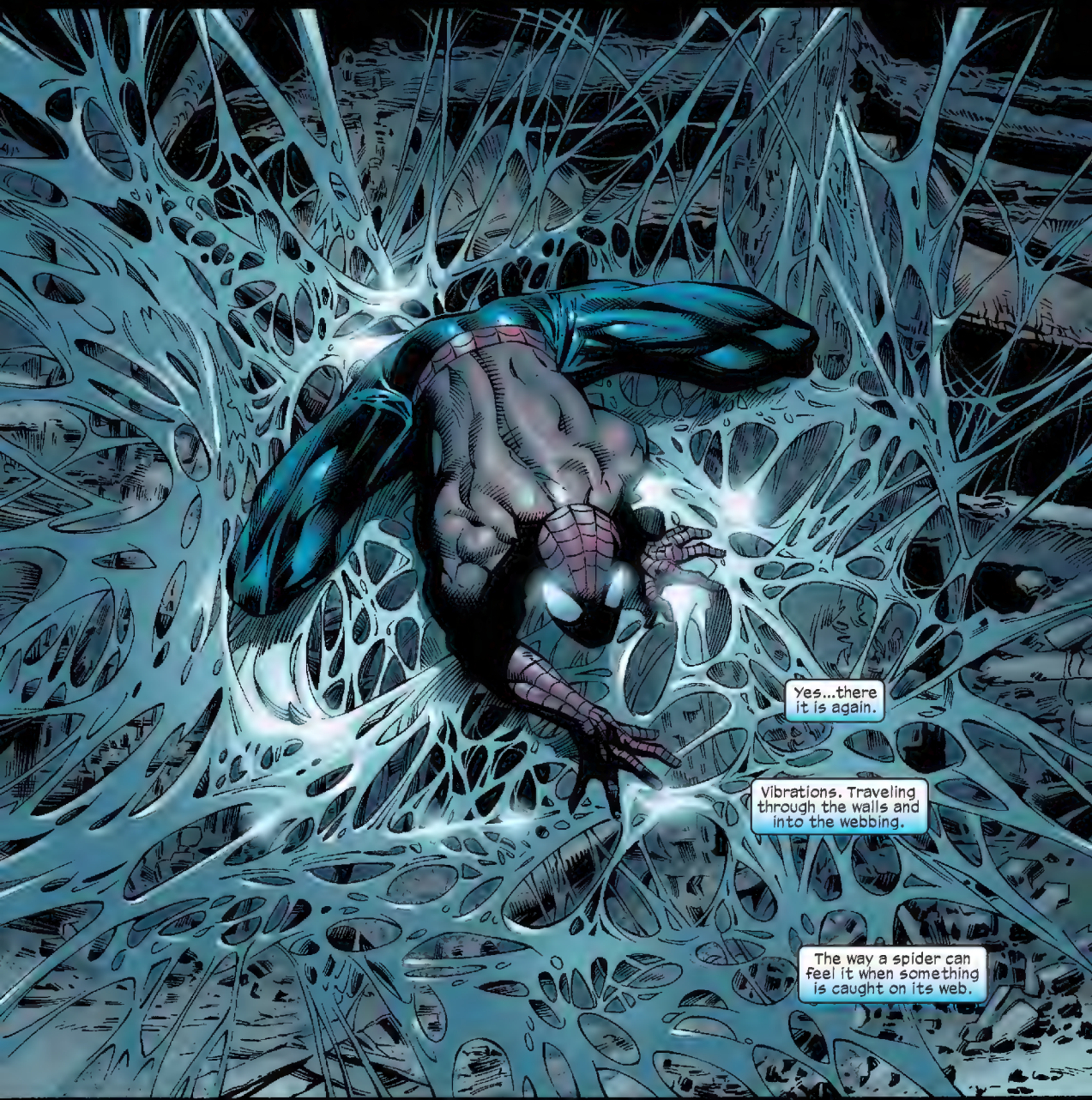


HERE
YOU GO.

That's funny...I'm picking
up some kind of vibration
through the webbing.



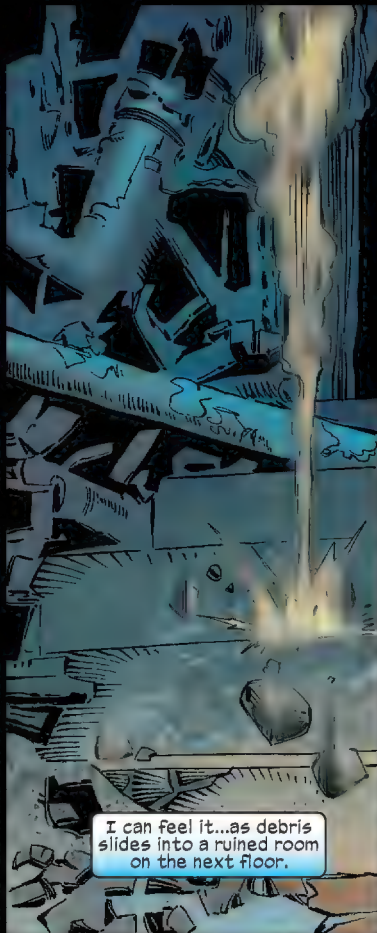
I
wonder...



Yes...there
it is again.

Vibrations. Traveling
through the walls and
into the webbing.

The way a spider can
feel it when something
is caught on its web.

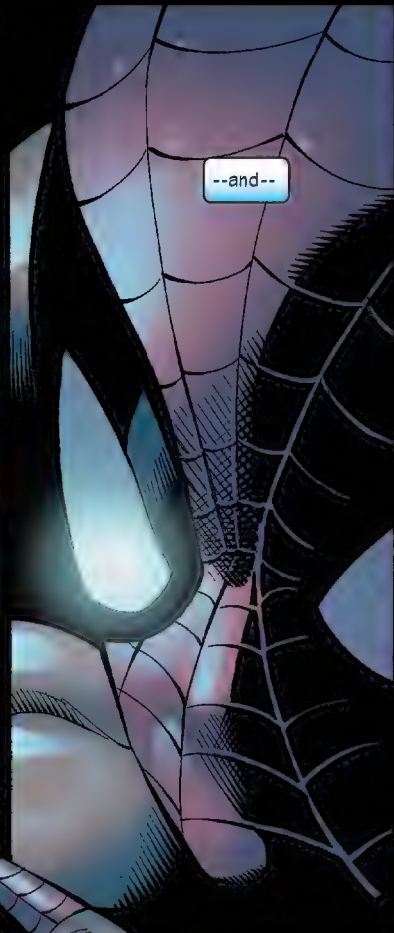


I can feel it...as debris slides into a ruined room on the next floor.



And water... falling onto floors.

And--



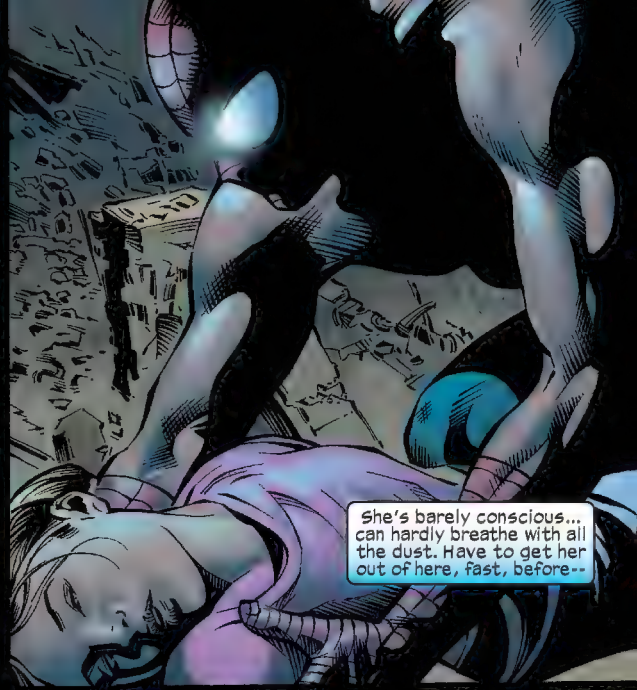
--and--



SCRAPE-
SCRAPE-
SCRAPE-



Yes!



I can feel her settling on my back...the same feeling when I crawl up the side of a building.



Well, *THIS* is going to save me no *END* of money buying backpacks. And best of all--



--the hairs on my arm are picking up the faintest trace of wind, just the way a spider's skin does. And the breeze is coming--



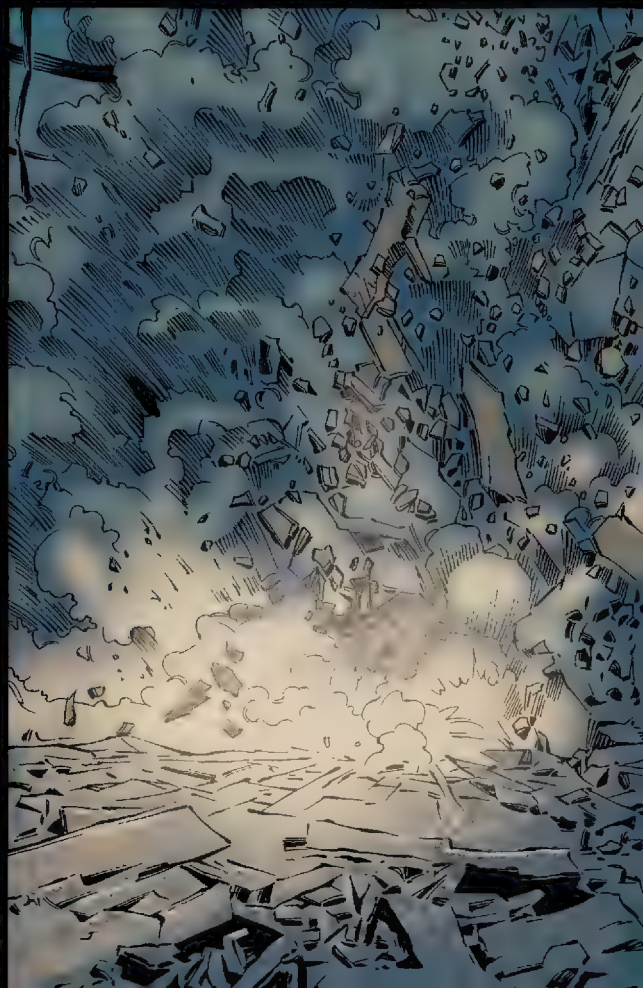
--from *THIS* direction.

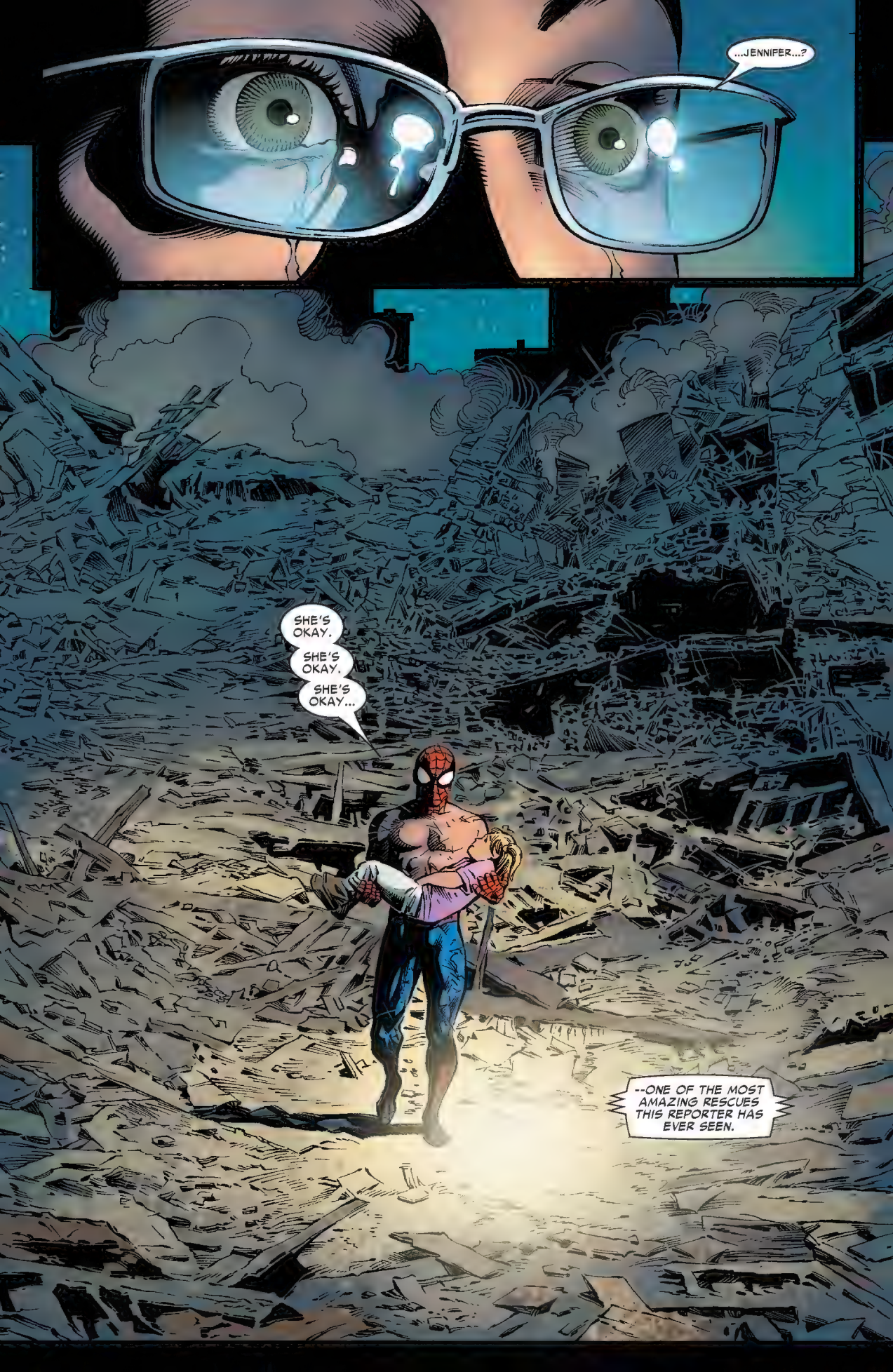


HANG ON, JENNIFER--



--WE'RE GETTING OUT OF HERE!





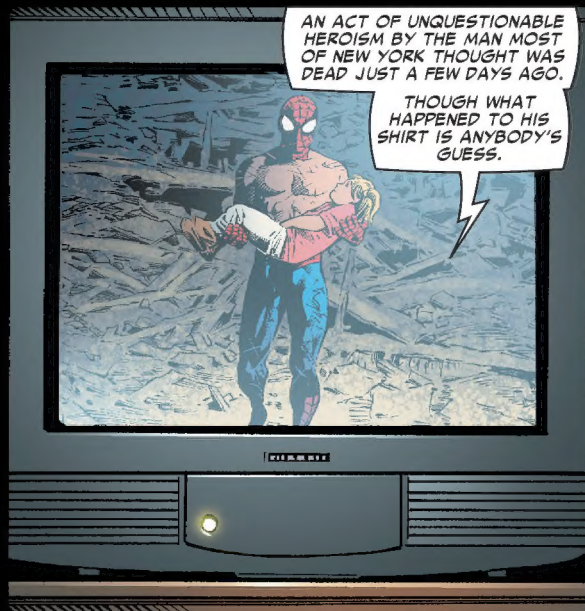
...JENNIFER...?

SHE'S OKAY.

SHE'S OKAY.

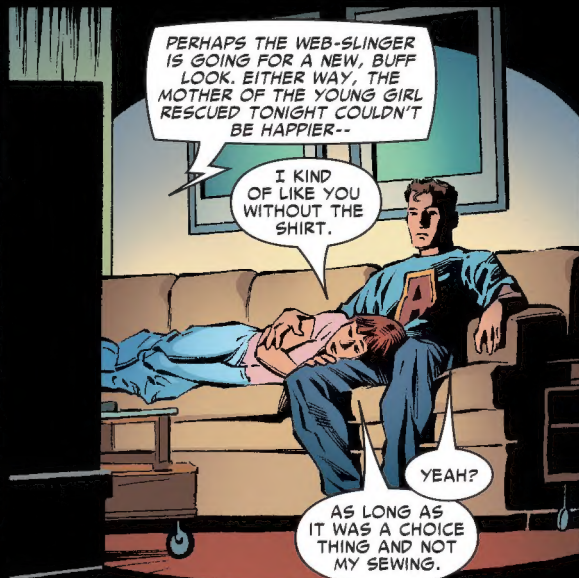
SHE'S OKAY...

--ONE OF THE MOST
AMAZING RESCUES
THIS REPORTER HAS
EVER SEEN.



AN ACT OF UNQUESTIONABLE
HEROISM BY THE MAN MOST
OF NEW YORK THOUGHT WAS
DEAD JUST A FEW DAYS AGO.

THOUGH WHAT
HAPPENED TO HIS
SHIRT IS ANYBODY'S
GUESS.



PERHAPS THE WEB-SLINGER
IS GOING FOR A NEW, BUFF
LOOK. EITHER WAY, THE
MOTHER OF THE YOUNG GIRL
RESCUED TONIGHT COULDN'T
BE HAPPIER--

I KIND
OF LIKE YOU
WITHOUT THE
SHIRT.

YEAH?

AS LONG AS
IT WAS A CHOICE
THING AND NOT
MY SEWING.



NEVER.

MMMM.

SO WHY THE
FAR-OFF LOOK,
LOVER? YOU DID
GOOD TONIGHT.

I KNOW.
THESE NEW
ABILITIES--

WELL,
MAYBE NEW.
THAT'S THE
THING.



THE DAY I WAS
BITTEN BY THAT SPIDER
WAS MAYBE THE BEST
DAY OF MY LIFE.

THAT
NIGHT...NOT
SO MUCH.

SEE, I
ALWAYS LOVED
SCIENCE FICTION
AND HORROR MOVIES.
FORBIDDEN PLANET.
THE DAY THE EARTH
STOOD STILL.

THE FLY.



"IT WAS ONE OF
THE SCARIEST THINGS
I'D EVER SEEN.
AND I THOUGHT--

--IF THAT'S WHAT YOU GET
WHEN YOU GENETICALLY
CROSS A MAN WITH SOMETHING
AS HARMLESS AS A FLY--



"--HOW MUCH WORSE WOULD IT BE...WHAT KIND OF HORROR WOULD YOU GET...BY GENETICALLY MERGING A MAN...WITH A SPIDER?"



I WAS SO SCARED, MJ...SO SCARED...

WELL, NOT THAT TIME, ANYWAY, BUT STILL--

YEAH. I GOT OVER IT.

BUT IT PASSED, RIGHT? I MEAN, ONCE YOU SAW WHAT YOU COULD DO...AND YOU DIDN'T GROW SIX ARMS--



BUT I ALSO NEVER LOOKED TOO CLOSELY AT MY POWERS. I ACCEPTED WHAT JUMPED OUT AT ME, BUT DIDN'T POKE MUCH BENEATH THE SURFACE.

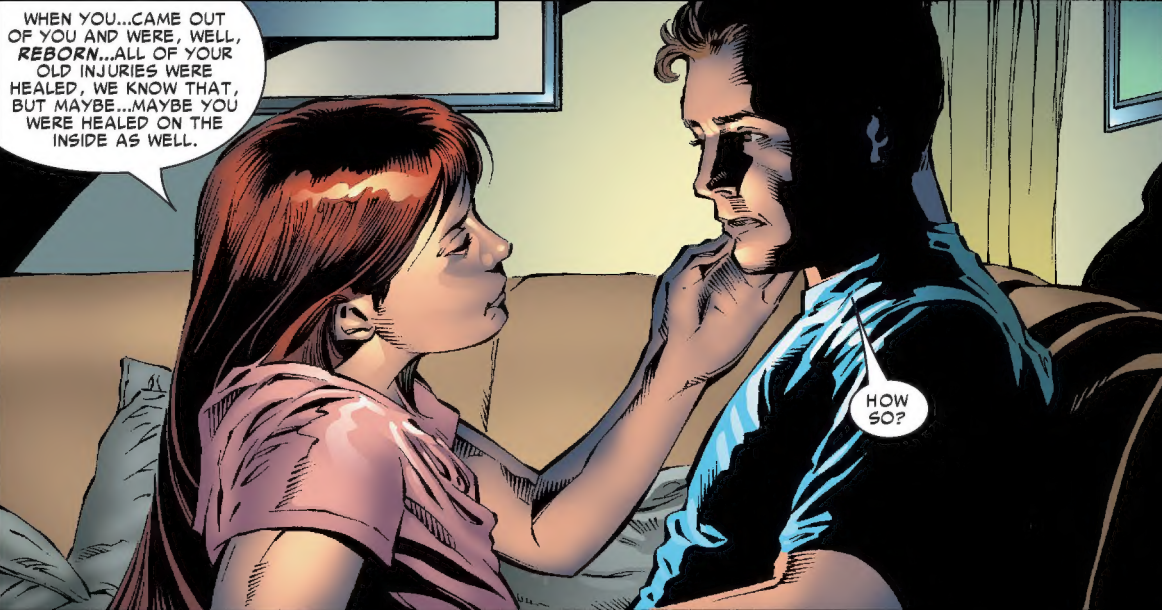
I THINK PART OF ME WAS AFRAID THAT IF I LOOKED TOO CLOSE, WHAT I'D FIND...WOULDN'T BE PRETTY. AS I GOT OLDER, I JUST ACCEPTED THE LIMITS OF WHAT THE KID-VERSION OF ME HAD BEEN WILLING TO ACCEPT.



BUT NOW I THINK...MAYBE THERE'S EVEN MORE TO THE POWERS I GOT THAT DAY, AND MAYBE I CAN USE THEM TO HELP PEOPLE MORE THAN I EVER IMAGINED. TONIGHT, IF I HADN'T BEEN OPEN TO THOSE POWERS, I MIGHT NEVER HAVE REACHED THAT GIRL IN TIME.


BUT YOU DID, PETER. SO YOU SHOULD FEEL GOOD ABOUT THAT.

AND THAT'S SOMETHING I'VE BEEN THINKING ABOUT.



WHEN YOU...CAME OUT OF YOU AND WERE, WELL, **REBORN**...ALL OF YOUR OLD INJURIES WERE HEALED, WE KNOW THAT, BUT MAYBE...MAYBE YOU WERE HEALED ON THE INSIDE AS WELL.

HOW SO?



THIS IS YOU, PETER, I KNOW THAT. BUT MAYBE WE CAN THINK THAT THERE'S PETER NOW AND PETER THEN...AND ALL THE MISTAKES YOU MADE, ALL THE THINGS YOU REGRET... THEY ENDED WITH PETER THEN.

YOU'RE PETER NOW. REBORN. NEW. FREE OF THE PAST. WHATEVER PETER THEN DID, YOU'RE FREE OF THAT.

YOU'VE GOT A FRESH START, TIGER. HOW MANY PEOPLE EVER GET THAT?



HAVE I TOLD YOU LATELY HOW MUCH I LOVE YOU?

YEAH.

BUT AS LONG AS YOU'RE STARTING OVER, YOU MAY AS WELL STICK WITH THE THEME, AND TELL ME ALL OVER AGAIN.



I LOVE YOU.



I LOVE YOU.



AND I
LOV--



YEP.
IT'S HIM, ALL
RIGHT.

NO
QUESTION.

GOOD.



SO I
GUESS IT'S TIME
TO GET BACK TO
WORK.

SPIDER-MAN: THE OTHER-EVOLVE OR DIE PART TWELVE:

POST MORTEM